THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SIDNEY DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS OR THIRD PAGE. {

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1520.

Choice Poetry.

LOVE'S GIFTS.

Pain would I wrestle with youth's fair hours,
The waving tresses of thy soft brown hair,
Fading to sunlight on thy shoulders fair;
Or throw of glancing gems an icy bright
Breaking in throwed hues o' fairy light
O'er that rich fall of curls.

The money scum I'd chop
With baby's gold or light and delicate,
They'd let a mystical of thy love-bound face
And press its rings, whose every ring would tell
Some fasting of his heart who loves thee well.
The rogues right shun'd away.

But oh! I may not bring
To thee the offerings of magic gold,
Or as an earnest love thy secret could;
And yet I would not that my gifts should be
Unworthy the deep love I bear to thee.
My joy of this a sweet spring.

Within my mind (if I may
To form a wealthy treasure-house for thee,
Where pure gems and softer things than eye shall see—
The great and good of other times than ours,
The dwellers in the tomb and stronger towers
Again for thee shall speak.

There in the shall hear and note
The voices of ever's poets of old time,
Sounding so distinctly like minstrel's chimes;
And glorious forms of knight and warrior fair,
Whose deed—for fairest spirit gladly not,
For thee shall live and move.

The sea shall offer thee,
Though not her pearls, yet fairer things than they,
Giving her riches to thy plenteous sight,
And earth her wondrous history shall unfold,
Pictures of ages long gone by, unrolled.
All marvelling then shall see.

The stars shall lend their light
To guide me in nature's wonder-world,
During through vision glorious and grand,
Alone of heavenly shall see
For on the heavens of earth and skies
Is room home of sight.

Then would I roll for thee
The Gods of gems on and the wreath of thought,
Whose presence bright with heaven's own sunlight flame
Thine shall be gifts all beautiful and rare,
And worthiest offerings, in their undying light.
O. LOVE'S GIFTS.

Original Novelet.

SHANNONDALE;
OR,
THE SUN OF MOUNT CARMEL.
(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. D. E. N. SOUTH, AUTHOR OF "MARY MORETON," "RETRIBUTION," &c.

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT LOVE IN A COTTAGE IS SOMETIMES LIKE.

Patience and sorrow strive
Which their empress her proudest.
Shakspeare.

Wimsy Darling had been brought up with even more than the Southern girl's usual luxury and ease—a great mother's pet from earliest infancy—an only child of her idolized wife and wife, a father's half worshipped darling—the heiress heiress of an immense fortune—Wimsy had been surrounded by boyhood's love, and by the love and observance that has guarded her from even the idea of the existence of any want, much less the knowledge. So much love—and I had almost said reverence, only for a child certainly less exalted than Wimsy would have spoiled her disposition, so it spoiled her sibling. In her father's house she had been thanked by her maid for every morning at seven o'clock to take her bath. Even while sitting at her ease, her feet had been combed out and curled, and her shoes and stockings put on, and unbuttoned and taken off, and completed without a thought or an act of her own in the matter. Old Nurse had wanted and deemed her still a baby—and Wimsy was six days old, and she continued to do it when she was almost a child—without a thought of gratitude to the grandmother, too, and regarded as an opinion that it was much better for a young maiden like Miss Darling to be an old, faithful, and devoted slave dressing-maid, than a young and thoughtless one as ignorant as herself. So Nurse had grown old in her service, petting and spoiling her to her heart's content, and guessing that her own ease from learning to think at all for herself, as she would have admitted her from war, pestilence, or famine. Wimsy's coarse, washerless, books, music, pictures, etc., were kept in order; and her clothes, robes, habits, etc., always in the most single variation of her own will in the matter. It was the will of a three-time actress of their to figure round to love and serve Miss Darling. Of Wimsy did any little customary bit of work, it was some unnecessary trifle in which her own personal interest alone would prompt her—such as displacing her grandmother's mask, for the sake of basking and sunning herself in the light of her feet, or dosing the duty of her father's body servant by making his shaving and dressing and him by smearing by spelling it! Upon such occasions he would be know what the sudden absence of his having half a thousand of her negroes, if his daughter's love had to wait upon him. Her love—by—he wanted to know, for instance, what was the utility of anybody having dogs and barking themselves if Wimsy's dear self was to be the affectionate maid about the duty and the pleasure of waiting on her father, he would call it unnecessary rubbish, and say that things were adapted to uses, and, in this case, he did not see why Miss Darling to mixing baby was about as wise as to take one out of her own silk nurse to wipe Tabitha with. It was to acknowledge that in this matter it is a necessity upon me to speak and write the truth without disguise, because I intend to delineate in these romances betray more innate vulgarity than elevated feeling in the pride of our lofty and republican soil.

Madam Winfield, with all her education, fully appreciated the religious principles of love and perfected services, though she would sometimes say to her—

"There are other and more useful ways of revealing affection, my own darling, than by the exercise of the virtues that are only ornamental to us."

Ah, but, grandmother, can't you know that the more useful a service is, the deeper the pleasure it gives me? When I am sitting on the floor lacing your fine, rustic shoes, and thinking me when I am combing out your beautiful hair—I have a feeling of profound content in what I do, and gaining the pleasure of receive the pleasure of receive the pleasure of receive

Selected Sketch.

THE VOLUNTEER COUNSEL.

A TALE OF JOHN TAYLOR.

[We copy the following from the New York Sunday Times. The subject of it, John Taylor, was licensed, when a youth of twenty-one, to practice at the bar of this city. He was poor, but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. The graces of his person, combined with the originality of his intellect, enabled him to win the hand of a fashionable beauty. Twelve months after marriage his husband was employed by a wealthy firm of the city to go on a mission on land-agent to the West. As a heavy salary was offered, Taylor bade farewell to his wife and infant son, promising to write every week, but received not a line in answer. Six months elapsed, when the husband received a letter from his employer that exploded all. Shortly after his departure for the West, the wife and her babe their removed to Mississippi. There she immediately obtained a divorce by an act of the Legislature, married again that State, and, to complete the climax of cruelty and wrong, had the name of Taylor's son changed to Marks—that of her second matrimonial partner! The husband's newly drawn Taylor insane. His career, from that period, became eccentric in the last degree sometimes he preached, sometimes he pleaded at the bar; until, at last, a lover, carried him off at a comparatively early age.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*]

At an early hour on the 6th of April, 1840, the Court-House in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. Here is the wan-times past, there had never been witnessed such a gathering in Red River County, while the struggling band a quorum on every footed face throughout the assembly, betokened some great occasion. A concise narrative of facts will sufficiently explain the matter.

About the close of 1839, George Hopkins, one of the wealthiest planters and most influential men of Northern Texas, offered a grave insult to Mary Elliston, the young and beautiful wife of his chief overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the affront, whereupon Hopkins loaded his gun, went to Elliston's house, and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested, and bailed to answer the charge. This outrageous profound intense indignation circulated reports inherently prejudicial to the character of the woman who had occasioned the of such cruel wrong at his hands. She brought her suit for slander. And then two causes, one criminal, and the other civil, and both out of the same tragedy, were pending in the April Circuit Court, for 1840.

The interest naturally felt by the community as to the issues between her deceased husband's known that Ashley and Pike, of Arkansas, and the celebrated S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, each with enormous fees, had been retained by Hopkins for his defence.

The trial, on the indictment for murder, ended on the 8th of April, with the acquittal of Hopkins. Such a result might well have been foreseen, by comparing the talents of the counsel engaged on either side. The Texan lawyers were utterly overwhelmed by the argument and eloquence of their opponents. It was a fight of cowards against giants.

The slander suit was set for the 9th, and the throng of spectators grew in numbers at the re-assembling of the court. The trial was brief, but what may seem strange, the current of public sentiment now ran decidedly for Hopkins. His money had procured pecuniary witnesses, who swore most effrontedly his peaceful advocates. Indeed, so triumphant has been the success of the previous day, that when the slander case was called, Mary Elliston was left without an attorney—they had all withdrawn. The paper pellicgerents faced and hurled against the sharp wit of a Yale and the scathing thunder of Prentiss.

"Have you or counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly at the plaintiff.

"No, sir; they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

In such a case, will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" asked the Judge, glancing around the bar.

"I will, your honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd, stationed behind the bar.

At the tones of that voice many started half way from their seats; and perhaps there was not a heart in the immense throng which did not beat something quick—if not so violently with sweet, clear, ringing, and musical.

The first sensation, however, was changed in to general laughter, when a tall, gaunt, spectre figure, that unlucky present remembered ever to have seen before, elbowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the bar. His appearance was a problem to puzzle the sphinx herself. His high, pale brow, and small, narrowly-retreating face, seemed alive with the most concentrated essence and cream of genius; but then his sinister blue eyes, lastly visible beneath their massive arches, looked dim, dreary almost cretaceous; and his clothing was so exceedingly shabby that the court hesitated to let the cause proceed under his management.

"His poor name (now entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the Judge, suspiciously.

"It is immaterial what my name's being entered on your rolls," answered the stranger, in thin, blue-lime lips curling up into Amidah sneer—"I may be allowed to appear now, by the courtesy of the Court and Bar. Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America—" and he handed Judge Mills a broad parchment.

The trial immediately went on.

In the examination of witnesses the stranger evinced but little ingenuity as was remarked; though he suffered each one to tell his story without interruption, though he contented to make each one of them tell it over two or three times. He put few cross-questions, which, with keen discernment, only serve to correct mistakes; and he made no notes, which, in mighty memories, always tend to embarrass. The cardinal mistakes being noted, he counsel for the plaintiff to lead a right in the opening speech, as well as the case—but to the astonishment of every one he declined the former, and allowed the witness to lead off. Then a shadow might have been observed to fit across the fine features of Pike and to darken even in the bright eyes of Prentiss. They now that they had caught a Tartar but who it was, or how it happened, it was impossible to guess.

Colonel Ashley spoke first. He dealt the jury a dash of that stone, dry logic, which, twice or thrice, rendered him famous in the Senate of the United States.

The poet, Albert Pike, followed, with a rich rain of wit, and a laid-forward of classic allusion in which you may be sure neither the plaintiff nor the plaintiff's ragged attorney was either forgotten or ignored.

The great Prentiss concluded for the defendant, with a mass of gorgeous words, brilliant as showers of falling stars, and with a final burst of oratory that brought the house down on chairs, in which the owners (not themselves present, notwithstanding the stars "order") "arising" to be heard. They unconsciously susceptible of the South-Western people to the charms of impassioned eloquence.

It was then the stranger's turn. He had remained perfectly motionless during the previous speeches. Still, and straight, and motionless in his seat, his pale, smooth forehead, standing up like a mountain cone of snow, that in fact that eternal youth that came and went perpetually in the saloon shadow, you would have taken him for a mere man of marble, or a human form carved in ice. Even his dim, grey eyes were invisible beneath their gray, sleepy eyebrows.

But now at last he rose—before the bar rail, not behind it—and so rose to the wondering jury that he might touch the listeners with his long, bony finger. With eyes still half shut, and standing half at an angle, so that his face he could not at in mesmerizing stare, slightly put, and the voice came forth. At first, it is low and sweet, insinuating itself through the brain, as an attune tune, wanding its way into the deepest lather, like the music of a magic incantation—and while the speaker proceeds without a gesture or the least sign of excitement, he has to prove his argument of Ashley, which melts away at his touch as frost before the sunrise. Every one looked surprised. His logic was at once so lucid, and so luminously clear, that the rarest present could comprehend it without effort.

Anon, he came to the dashing out of the poet-lawyer, Pike. Then the cast of his jaw and his sharper—his sallow face kindled up—and his eye began to open, and, coming on languid, burst forth as lightning, red as fire-golden, and glaring like twin meteors. The whole soul was in the eye—the full soul—and every one felt its force in its one minutes Pike's wit seemed the beam of lucidity, and his finest satire horrible profundity, when compared with the insensible rollers and excommunicating sarcasms of the stranger, interspersed with jest and anecdote that fired the house with tears of laughter.

Then, without so much as hesitating an adjective or Frankism, he turned short on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into atoms, and hurled in their faces such terrible invective that all trembled as with an ague, and two of them actually fled cramped from the Court-House.

The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united fate and soul appeared to hang in the burning tongue of the stranger. He inspired them with the powers of his own genius. He extracted them with the poison of his own malicious feelings. He seemed to have stolen nature's long-hidden secret of attraction. He was the sun to the sun of all thought and emotion, which rose and fell and bowed in his meridian rays. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eye began to glare furiously at the accusation, Hopkins, an idea, taper fingers slowly assumed the same direction. He beamed the wretch around with a circumvallation of burning evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He piled up huge horizons of insurmountable facts. He dug beneath the murderer and slanderer's feet circles of detection, such as no sophistry could overleap, and no shock of ingenuity excite; and having then, as he might say, imprecated the victim, and stricken him about like a scorpion in a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre.

Oh! then, but it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold! the scene, the terrible

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

AUCTIONING TICKETS.

The auction sale of tickets for the first Jenny Lind Concert, took place on Saturday last, at Castle Garden. Although one shilling was charged as the price of admission to the auction room, 3,000 persons were present. The first ticket, which commands what is considered the most choice seat in the house, was "knocked down," as the phrase is, to Mr. Genin, the hatter, at the enormous price of $225. The very next ticket was sold to a Mr. Robinson, for $25. Twelve were sold at $15. Six at $13, and large numbers at from $10 to $12. The number of tickets sold was 1,429, bringing a total of $9,119½, the average price paid being $6.38 per ticket. This leaves 4,000 seats undisposed of. If these bring an average of $4 each the nett proceeds of the first concert will exceed $20,000. If all are not sold at auction, those remaining unsold are to be disposed of in the usual way for $3 00.

It seems that the competition for the first of the above tickets, was between three patent medicine doctors, and Genin, the hatter; each knowing that the successful one would have "the best advertisement all over the Union that could be got." Could anything be more thoroughly vulgar?

By the way, we trust that the citizens of Philadelphia will not encourage the introduction of the system of auctioneering tickets among us.

SINGULAR CALCULATION.

An interesting calculation was recently made by the Washington correspondent of the Bulletin of this city, as to the amount of speech-making done by each member of the Senate since the opening of the present session of Congress. It appears by this calculation, that Mr. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, may be properly entitled *the* speaker of the Senate, he having spoken 54 columns, being six more than any other member. Next in rank to Mr. Jeff. Davis, comes Mr. Mason, of Virginia, who is set down for 40 columns. Then comes in Mr. Clay for 42 columns—then Mr. Turney for 38—Mr. Yulee for 36—Mr. Benton for 34—Mr. Seward for 32—and Messrs. Hunter and Foote for 30 each. Mr. Webster spoke only 12 columns—Mr. Dayton 18, &c.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 201—adults 75, and children 126.

Congressional News

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

In the Senate, on the 3rd, the bill to create the office of Surveyor-General of the Public Lands in California, and to grant donations to actual settlers thereon, was taken up, and the various reports by the Committee on Public Lands were disposed of.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, moved an amendment, giving the President of the United States the right to exclude from the lands to be granted to settlers, such territories as he may think expedient to reserve for Military or Naval purposes.

Mr. Douglass showed that this amendment would sanction the previous acts of the Army officers, by which improved property in Astoria has been seized and appropriated, without compensation, to the use of the United States.

Mr. Davis contended that the settlers had no right to the land, and that the Government, in giving away the lands, had a perfect right to reserve what it chose.

The debate was continued until one o'clock, when the bill was laid over until to-morrow.

On motion of Mr. Clay, the bill to abolish the slave trade in the District of Columbia was taken up.

Mr. Clay briefly explained and advocated the bill, the object of which was to abolish the foreign slave trade in the District, and the bringing of slaves and placing them in depots here, not for the purpose of sale in the District, but for sale and shipment to the Southern States.—The bill did not propose to interfere in the least degree with the sale of slaves by one inhabitant to another of the District, nor to prevent each inhabitant going out of the District to purchase slaves for his own use in the District. It was, in fact, a simple revival of the law of Maryland upon this subject, as that law existed at the time of the cession of a portion of her territory for the Seat of Government. It was simply to [illegible]

[illegible]

Resolved, That the payment of compound interest, in the case of Com. Barron, was made in violation of law.

Resolved, That the sum of fifty-six thousand and twenty-one dollars, paid to Corcoran & Riggs, as assignees of William M. Gwinn, was justly due to the Chickasaw Indians, and improperly paid to Corcoran & Riggs.

Mr. Vinton presented a minority report.

The question was taken on the motion to postpone, and decided in the negative—yeas 81, nays 107.

The morning hour having expired, the House took up the Texas Boundary Bill.

We think it needless to follow the House through all its skirmishings, its contradictory votes, &c.—we therefore give only the most important decisions.

The bill was now before the House, and the vote was first on the amendment of Mr. Clingman to the amendment of Mr. Boyd, proposing to organize a Southern California State, under the name of Colorado, by the line of 36 deg. The amendment was disagreed to. Yeas 69, nays 130.

Mr. Thompson, of Miss., understood that there was now only one amendment pending, that of Mr. Boyd, which was to add the New Mexico Territorial Bill. He moved to lay the bill on the table. The question was taken, and the House refused to lay the bill on the table. Yeas 61, nays 141.

Mr. Boyd's amendment, providing territorial government for New Mexico, nearly the same as the Senate's bill, was disagreed to. Yeas 98, nays 106.

Further proceedings much confused, and several ineffectual motions to adjourn, when the House refused to order the bill to be read a third time—yeas 80, nays 126.

Mr. Boyd moved to reconsider the vote, but gave way at four o'clock, to Mr. Harris, of Tennessee, on whose motion the House adjourned.

On the 5th, the morning hour was occupied with the reading of the report made by Mr. Richardson, from the Select Committee appointed to investigate the justness of certain claims reopened and paid by Thomas Ewing, while Secretary of the Interior, and concluding with the resolutions furnished yesterday.

The Speaker then announced the special order to be the Texas Boundary Bill.

The question being on Mr. Boyd's motion to reconsider the vote by which the House refused to order the bill to a third reading, Mr. Boyd said he supposed that every gentleman understood his object. It was with a hope that the [illegible]

[illegible]

The question then arose, on ordering the bill to a third reading.

Mr. Howard moved the previous question.

Mr. Wentworth earnestly appealed to Mr. Howard to withdraw the motion—but Mr. Howard, amid cries of "hold on," refused to do so.

Mr. Morris arose and asked the reading of the 17th rule, which was read, designating what persons only shall be entitled to the privilege of the floor. He desired its enforcement.

The Speaker replied that the officers would attend to their duty.

[It was said that many Texas bondholders were in the lobbies.]

Mr. Wentworth again appealed to Mr. Howard, but without success, to withdraw his motion for the previous question, which was shortly afterwards seconded—Yeas 103, nays 91.

The main question was then ordered to be put —Yeas 115, nays 91.

The question was now taken on ordering the bill as amended, to a third reading. It was an exciting time, and much confusion prevailed. The galleries and lobbies were filled with anxious spectators. When the Clerk commenced the roll, the noise ceased, and seldom have we known so much quiet as now. The roll call concluded, there was a movement all over the House; votes were changed, and every proceeding watched with the utmost anxiety. When Mr. Howard's name was called and voted "ay," applause was commenced, but silence was promptly restored by the Speaker. But few members were in their seats—many had come into the area in front of the Clerk's table. There was much sensation. The Speaker exerted himself vigorously to quell the disorder which had broken out afresh, and then commenced announcing the result. Yeas 107; and paused to give a gentleman an opportunity to vote, when—

Mr Burt made a point that no one could now vote, as the affirmative vote had been proclaimed.

The Speaker overruled the question—the gentleman voted, and the Speaker announced in a firm and loud tone—yeas 108, nays 98.

Immediately succeeding the announcement there was clapping of hands, stamping of feet, and whistling, in the galleries, and applause on the floor.

"Order, order," resounded in every direction. The Speaker knocked lustily with his hammer. Voices were heard saying—"let them clap," "order," "order!"

The excitement having subsided, the Speaker announced the question to be on the third reading of the bill. The bill was then read.

Mr. Thompson, of Penna., moved the previous question on its passage, which was seconded, [illegible]

[illegible]

ard, Jackson of Ga., Johnson of Tenn., Johnson of Ky., Jones, Kaufman, Kerr, Lasere, Leffler, Levin, Littlefield, Mann of Pa., Marshall, Mason, McClernand, McDonald, McDowell, McLanahan, McLane of Md., McLane of Ky., McMullen, McWillie, Morehead, Morton, Outlaw, Owen, Parker, Peaslee, Pitman, Potter, Richardson, Robbins, Robinson, Ross, Rose, Savage, Shepperd, Stanley, Stanton of Tenn., Stanton of Ky., Strong, Thompson of Miss., Thompson of Pa., Thompson of Ky., Thurman, Toombs, Walden, Watkins, Wellborn, Wildrick, Williams, Wilson and Young.

Nays—Messrs. Alexander, Allen, Bennett, Bingham, Brown of Miss., Burrows, Burt, Butler of Conn., Cable of O., Calvin, Campbell, Chandler, Clark, Colcock, Cole, Corwin, Crowell, Dickey, Dixon, Doty, Duer, Duncan, Durkee, Evans of O., Featherston, Fitch, Fowler, Giddings, Gott, Gould, Holloway, Harlan, Harris of Ala., Hebard, Henry, Holladay, Holmes, Howe, Hubbard, Hunter, Inge, Jackson of N. Y., Julian, King of R. I., King of N. J., John S. King, Preston King, Mann of Mass., Matteson, McKissock, McQueen, Meacham, Meade, Moore, Morris, Nelson, Newell, Ogle, Olds, Orr, Otis, Peck, Reed, Reynolds, Root, Rumsey, Sackett, Sawtelle, Schenck, Schoolcraft, Seddon, Sylvester, Sprague, Stevens of Pa., Stetson, Sweetser, Taylor, Tuck, Vandyke, Vinton, Waldo, Wallace, Wentworth and Woodward.

A motion was made to reconsider the vote, and the motion was laid on the table.

The House then adjourned.

General News.

THE ELECTIONS.

Vermont.—From returns at hand, it is supposed that C. K. Williams, the Whig candidate for Governor, is elected by from twelve hundred to two thousand majority of the popular vote. In 84 towns heard from, Williams's gain is 900 over the vote of 1849.

Maryland Convention.—Returns from all the State have come to hand. The Whigs will have in the Convention, a majority of seven.

Washington Wore False Teeth.—A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser mentions an anecdote which he recently heard from a friend, who was told it by Peale himself, and which will account somewhat for the difference observed in the portraits taken by Stuart and Peale of Washington. Washington sat to these artists at the same time, but on alternate days, beginning first with Stuart. It so happened that a few days previous, he had just commenced wear- [illegible]

[illegible]

☞ The "Albany Express says that the rot is making havoc among the potatoes in that vicinity. Hon. John L. Slingerland, who has had the credit of producing the best specimens, has discovered, upon digging up his anticipated crop, that they are all affected with the rot, and upon getting near the air, decay immediately.

☞ Drs. Overweg and Barth, African travellers, must be getting into warm latitudes, as they speak of the air of their tent being by contrast, "*delightfully cool*," at one hundred and eight degrees Fahrenheit.

ALMANAC.

Sep., 1850	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases
14 Saturday,	5 49	6 11	8 0	
15 Sunday,	5 50	6 10	9 20	D. H. M.
16 Monday,	5 51	6 9	10 36	
17 Tuesday,	5 53	6 7	11 23	
18 Wed'day,	5 54	6 6	11 9	Last 6 12 27
19 Thursday,	5 55	6 5	12 48	New 13 3 20
20 Friday,	5 57	6 3	1 28	First 21 7 39
21 Saturday,	5 58	6 2	2 8	Full 21 4 51

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Sept.	1,	76	80	83
	2,	74	75	75
	3,	69	75	79
	4,	69	77	84
	5,	73	78	74
	6,	73	80	83
	7,	73	73	75

Marriages.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. J. Gorden Maxwell, Mr Benjamin Thomas, of this city, to Miss Sarah Field.

On the 22d of July, by the Rev. Dr. Brainard, at the residence of Dr. Du Bouchet, Sylvester H. Peterson, formerly of Plymouth, Mass. to Matilda Scattergood, of Bridesburg, Pa.

On the 1st instant, by Wm. Stedman, Mr. James M. Bailey, to Miss Joanna C. Brackland, both of Darby.

On the 2d instant, at Cairo, Green county, New York, by the Rev. Norman C. Stoughton, Mr. Jacob Weaver, Jr. merchant of Pittsburg, Pa. to Miss Antoinette, daughter of Richard Van Dyke, Esq. of the former place.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. George A. Durborow, Mr. Charles Fernberg, merchant of this city to Eliza Ann, daughter of Mr. Benj. Burnell, Logan Square, Philadelphia.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. Lewis Jackson, to Miss Mary E. Walton, all of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 24th ult. by Wm. Stedman, Mr. John K Cole, of Chester county, to Miss Emma Westler, of this city.

On the 4th inst. in South Camden, N. J. by J. Spencer, Justice of the Peace, Mr. E. S. Pendleton, to Miss Rosene E. Kerr, both of Philadelphia.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. H. W. Ducachet, D. D., E. H. Heinitsh, of Columbia, S. C. to Frances, daughter of the late Edward Davis, Esq. of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. G. Owen, Dr. Joseph B. Marshall, of Annville, Lebanon county, Pa. to Miss Eliza K. Read of Philadelphia.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Benj. F. Templeton, Pastor of the 2d Presbyterian Church, St. Mary's, Mr. Stephen Purcell, to Mrs. Mary A. Thomas, both of Philadelphia.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, Chas. S. Hall, E. A. Evans, Jas. Clark, John W Allen, and P. Locke.*

Also, CHAS. S. HALL, for and in Arkansas.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States; assisted by *J. R. Smith, J. T. Dent, Jason Taylor, J. W. Armstrong, Perrin Locke, W. Ramsey, and G. Stimson.*

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[illegible]

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Only two of the promised Novelets for 1850 having yet been published, the Proprietors of the POST would call attention to the following, which are yet to come:—

THE BAYMOUNTS—A Novelet, by MISS LESLIE; author of "Mrs. Washington Potts," &c., &c.

SHANNONDALE; OR, THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL—A Novelet, by MRS. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

THE BELLE AND THE BLUE—A Novelet, by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "The Mob Cap," "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," &c.

When the above list has been gone through with, OTHERS EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE WILL FOLLOW, the Proprietors of the POST being determined not to be surpassed in this department by any cotemporary.

But the columns of the POST are not for fiction (however instructive and impressive) alone. We shall continue to devote a large portion of the paper to more

SOLID AND SUBSTANTIAL READING,

such as is calculated to improve the intellect, and to ennoble and purify the heart.—Whatever is best in the pages of the foreign and domestic magazines and reviews, shall be laid under contribution to inform and enlighten our readers.

THE NEWS OF THE DAY

shall also be, as heretofore, carefully sifted, and what is important treasured in our columns.

Matters of interest to business men—

A BANK NOTE LIST, A STOCK LIST, THE MARKETS, &C.,

shall be weekly laid before them.

For the *FARMER*, a dozen agricultural periodicals are carefully searched, and the best matter selected for

OUR AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

One or more *PORTRAITS* of remarkable persons, or *PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES* are also weekly given.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-eight years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now perhaps the *largest* list of subscribers of any weekly paper in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by any rival. The *increase* alone of our subscription list last year, is equal to the *whole circulation* of many of our imitators.

TERMS.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office.

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Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

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NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

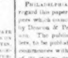
Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.—We regard this paper as the best of the large weekly papers which come from Philadelphia. It is published by Deacon & Peterson, and edited by Henry Peterson. The publishers announce five original novelets, to be published during the next volume, which commences with the new year. For the excellence of its stories, its poetry, and all its selections, and the ability evinced in its editorials, the Post has no superior. There is in its columns an indication of increasing industry, and indefatigable energy, on the part of its gentlemanly publishers, which cannot fail to place it at the head of American papers.—*Lynn News.*

☞ The Best Literary Paper published in Philadelphia is the Saturday Evening Post. This paper contains 36 columns of useful and interesting reading, news, &c. We recommend it to all who desire a good family newspaper.—*Palladium, Malone, New York.*

☞ The Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," is one of the very best literary papers in the country. Its high moral tone renders it a truly valuable paper for the family circle. If all the widely circulated newspapers were as pure in sentiment and morals as the Post, we should have a vast deal less suffering, misery and debauchery than is now abroad in the land. Some papers, instead of rebuking vice, pan- [illegible]

[illegible]

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.



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Selected Poetry.

THE DAY OF MY DESTINY'S OVER.

[Among the minor poems of Lord Byron, said the late Edgar A. Poe, is one which has never received from the critics the praise which it undoubtedly deserves:]

Through the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy faith fervent reflected to discover
Though thy word with my grief was acquainted,
It adorned not to shorten the weight
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but to hate.

Then when cares around me is smiling,
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it forgot me,
Because I reminds me of thine;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the hearts I believed in with me,
If the billows remember my motion,
It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is delivered
To pain—it shall not be its slave.

There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may rend, but they shall not enslave—
They may torture, but shall not subdue me—
'Tis of thee that I think—not of them.

Though hoarse, thou dost not deserve me,
Though wintry, thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forbearest to grieve me,
Though slandered, thou never could shake,
Though tried, though didst not decline me,
Though pained, it was not to fly,
Though wasteful, 'twas not to debase me,
Nor make, but me world empty left.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one—
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'Twas fitly not sooner to shun.
And if dearly and vainly it bought thee,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found thee whatever I sought thee,
It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that which I most cherished
Deserved to be dearest of all:
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude sing ing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

Instructive Sketch.

CHEMISTRY OF CREATION.

BY ROBERT ELLIS, M. E. C. S.

DISSOLVING ROCKS.

In Part I. there is an interesting account of the natural process by which the substance of rocks is dissolved by the agency of air or water; and Mr. Ellis proceeds to describe the results occurring on a large scale, and observable in a very few years. In one place, only six years after a path had been formed through solid granite, there appeared interminable wells were so much decomposed by the influence of the carbonic acid in the atmosphere, "that the solid rock, to the depth of three inches, was in a crumbling condition." In such districts, when a traveller stops upon what seems to be a piece of granite in its normal state, it fails to powder. In the caurtons at Dartmoor, the rock is found to be more or less decomposed to the depth of fifty or sixty feet; and the walls of the prison, unadvisedly built of blocks taken from the surface granite, have "become a spongy mass, absorbing moisture continually, rotting the iron bars, and rendering the cells so damp, that they can only be used by covering the walls with oil-cloth and without this protection to close." The granite used in the Nelson Monument in London is from the same locality; but being quarried according to the admonitions of chemistry, from a depth beyond the influence of atmospheric decomposition, the column will in all probability be much more lasting than the prison. "Alcarbonic acid," says Mr. Ellis, "is the result of the commencement and to the house-life and flower-pot, is in like manner produced from a material which is formed by the influence of water, air, and carbonic acid, upon rocks of various kinds, but all more or less agreeing in composition as to their chief ingredients. In certain districts in Devonshire and Cornwall, there exist rocks of a fine white granite, which exhibit the decomposing effect of these agencies in a remarkable manner. On the surface, and for a considerable depth into these substances, the rock is altered to a soft mass, not resembling mortar. This is collected and washed; the water which comes from the washing of it being of the color of milk, in consequence of its containing a quantity of white earthy substance suspended in it, is conducted into tanks, and in its passage through several reservoirs, deposits the white earthy matter at the bottom. The tanks are then emptied of water, and the white deposit being collected and dried in the open air, and subsequently more completely by a drying-stove, constitutes the beautifully fine white clay employed in the manufacture of porcelain. Not less than about ten thousand tons of this white clay, thus derived from the decomposed material of the granite rock, is exported annually for the use of the potteries. In chemical composition—the composition in great part of our china cups and ornamental ware—a alumina (the basis of common alum), silicic acid, a little alkali and lime, are, in the undecayed state, a large proportion of water, together with a variable amount of sand. The Chinese, as well as ourselves, employ the same material for the manufacture of their exquisite porcelain."

THE AIR.

In Part II., relating to the air, there is a pleasing notice of the creation as to the limits of the atmosphere. It is now recognised, though not proved, that the air does not extend more than about fifty miles into the regions of space. Astronomy demonstrates that the rise of illuminating matter, by showing that there are only two other planets in our system which appear to be provided with an atmosphere; and chemistry will apply the atomic theory to prove that there is no such thing as infinite divisibility of matter. "It is held, for instance, as certain that we cannot subdivide matter beyond a certain point; at that point, its particles are called atoms, and these atoms have a certain size and weight. Applying the same reasoning to the air, it is considered that there is a point at which it cannot be expanded further, and this point is supposed to be the true limit of the air.

The air has recently been supposed to be subject to a phenomenon called 'atmospheric waves,' which is only now in process of examination. These waves—discovered by the barometer—do not resemble the undulations of the sea, but partake the whole depth of the atmosphere, and are very several days in their duration. The most remarkable has been observed for some years, and is occur about the middle of November, when it lasts, from the commencement of its rise to its extreme depression, fifteen days. Sometimes it begins and closes with a gale of wind. The cause is unknown, but the phenomenon is called the Indian Summer can be yet be only connected with it as a coincidence. "In America, at the period, generally from the 10th to the 17th of November, after a footstorm of the severities of winter has been felt, a sudden change of temperature takes place, a delicious warmth is felt, the sky is watered a client, and a breath of air is stirring, and the whole atmosphere is filled with a glowing transparent haze. It lasts only this as all gone, and winter comes on quickly afterwards. In Switzerland, the same phenomenon has been remarked from time immemorial. About the 11th of this month, the tide of St. Martin is celebrated, and the inhabitants call the delightful four or five days' return of summer weather of that time, after, in all appearance, the summer has ended, 'Elle de St. Martin, or St. Martin's Summer.' Whether these warming facts are more than mere coincidences, whether the great wave has anything to do with them or not, it is not at present possible to decide.

A proposal has been made by Mr. Howell to bring down rain, when wanted, by means of electrical conductors sent up towards the clouds in balloons. He thinks that the electricity developed when his own electrical kite came immediately ended a light fleecy cloud, after a few current of sparks had passed from the conductor to the conductive atmosphere, he found himself suddenly becamed with fine misty rain.

The carbonic acid formed in the air by respiration, putrefaction, and other processes, is considered to be the source of the carbon which forms the great bulk of plants. In fact the grandest forms of the forest derive the main substance from the thin air. Mr. Ellis describes several experiments which prove that plants draw their nourishment from carbon, and then inquires whether the air can be relied on as the gas to contain food enough for the whole vegetable world? Mannheim tells us that in some localities of America a monkey might run for a hundred miles upon the tops of the trees. "Does, in fact, the atmosphere contain a sufficient amount of this element to account for the requirements of so great a mass of it as exists in this rough instance, and to take into consideration the entire vegetation of the rest of the globe? The carbonic acid of the atmosphere has been estimated at one-three-hundredth of its whole weight. The entire weight of the atmosphere is known; and calculating upon it, it has been found that the entire weight of carbon contained at one time in the atmosphere is about three thousand and eighty-five billions of pounds. Calculations have been made as to the actual demand upon the atmospheric or carbonic acid of the whole vegetation of the earth. If we suppose the entire surface covered by vegetation to be one-fifth of the entire area of our globe, that will give a space of two millions of square miles, or of 62,726 millions of acres. Let us suppose that each acre derives every year 1,000 pounds of carbon from the air; then the whole annual necessities of the vegetable world in a year amount to three hundred and eighty-five billions of pounds of carbonic acid. How is this enormous annual waste to be supplied? Dr. Anderson calculates that from *carbonic-reading* alone we have a supply of carbonic acid in a year equivalent to 1,776 millions of pounds. He bases this odd calculation on the following grounds:—North America alone produces in a year enough tobacco, on its being burned, to yield the immense sum of 744 millions of pounds! The other tobacco-growing districts supply the rest. Yet here insignificant does even this enormous sum appear compared to that which, from combustion of fuel alone, escapes into the air! When it is remembered that from a number of other sources carbonic acid is discharged into the atmosphere, it will require but little reflection and constant supply of a sufficiency of this gas in the atmosphere to account for all the wood upon the earth which is not actually consumed."

Although air gives the substance, light is essential to the life of a plant. The soulless tree, recently described into action, luminous, and miracle cure.

The actinic or chemical rays are indispensable to germination; under the influence of the luminous rays, a multitude of germinate herself and field, and the woody tissue is formed while the calorific rays bring forth flowers and fruit. Thus Spring, Summer, and Autumn, enjoy each their unique influence from the sun; although probably in all the three processes of germination, growth, and fertilization, the three forms are concerned, and in their proper degree. Even during the day this distinction is observed, for it has been proved that the green rays of Sally-tree is a large quantity of aloes and cane-purine, and being necessarily exposed to the violent actions of the Atlantic billows, they became worn away into the finest strange forms as to large caverns, natural bridges, and the resemblance of ruined castles and towers. Large quantities being produced by the constant washing way of the sea, it has been found necessary to paint the painted with various hues by the water percolating the overlying strata, and carrying with it a solution of the same ingredients as predominate in the passage. Streamlets also run down the sides of the cliffs, forming them in a variety of colors, proving that the water contains iron, and other matters. Large quantities of these substances are conveyed into the sea, and there support various decompositions in contact with the saline matter of the water. Some parts, or parts of these cliffs assumed an appearance as if they were covered with snow, the crust of Salty-tons is formed by the influence of water, air, and carbonic acid, upon rocks of various kinds, but all more or less agreeing in composition as to their chief ingredients. In certain districts in Devonshire and Cornwall, there exist rocks of a fine white granite, which exhibit the decomposing effect of these agencies in a remarkable manner. On the surface, and for a considerable depth into these substances, the rock is altered to a soft mass, not resembling mortar. This is collected and washed; the water which comes from the washing of it being of the color of milk, in consequence of its containing a quantity of white earthy substance suspended in it, is conducted into tanks, and in its passage through several reservoirs, deposits the white earthy matter at the bottom. The tanks are then emptied of water, and the white deposit being collected and dried in the open air, and subsequently more completely by a drying-stove, constitutes the beautifully fine white clay employed in the manufacture of porcelain. Not less than about ten thousand tons of this white clay, thus derived from the decomposed material of the granite rock, is exported annually for the use of the potteries. In chemical composition—the composition in great part of our china cups and ornamental ware—a alumina (the basis of common alum), silicic acid, a little alkali and lime, are, in the undecayed state, a large proportion of water, together with a variable amount of sand. The Chinese, as well as ourselves, employ the same material for the manufacture of their exquisite porcelain."

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Wit and Humor.

THE INCREDULOUS YOUNG MAN.

"HERE ALEXANDER, the Magician, was arrested on the 31st ultimo, at Rochester, and taken in irons to Lockport, at the instance of a man who was his bail two years ago in a case of damages, Alexander having failed to appear."

Finding the above item going the rounds of the press, and happening to know something about the "case of damages" above alluded to, perhaps we shall be pardoned, if we write a description of the laughable, though serious affair.

At an evening exhibition at Lockport, New York, some two years since, given by Herr Alexander, the magician, he proposed to perform some feats of legerdemain and wonder, that any person in the audience should have the privilege of handling a pistol of his own, and in the presence of the audience, and he would catch between his front teeth, the identical ball used on the occasion.

As any well to be supposed, an announcement of this kind, posted up in all public places, in an inland village like Lockport, set the whole town by the ears, and not only were the Corinthian Hall was crowded almost to suffocation —and among the number assembled, was a young man who considered that his eye-teeth had been cut a little too long and a little too deep to be *"done for"* by a strolling Magician. Rising from his seat, therefore, when the performance had proceeded as far as the "pistol" act, he exclaimed—

"I've got a ball on, my old cocy; I wants to be at that shooting-iron myself, shure its loaded."

"Oui, Monsieur," exclaimed the little Frenchman; "but ha ol'vou—a—we—yet you call 'im, he loaded—a ball. But I will put powder in de eye, and eyes, dat you calcky me in mine mout, so dat he no get-a hurt, from the circumstance."

"No you don't," replied the spirited young man; "I want to have a fair pop at your head myself, and I'll have your eyes where the crows can't get 'em—so if I don't hit your head, perhaps I'll hit your eye, and I'll have the satisfaction of knowing that I've done it."

As the young man and his friends insisted upon the Magician's performing as he had agreed, or being no more, as they said, than what was mentioned in the bill, the astonished wizard, to cold tomtoe as the postal, powder and ball were inserted in the young man's pocket-pistol, and in a service in a tradesman in a small way of business, that can't afford a law." "Well," he said, "I do assure you that I did not observe that the post-mark was all I knew, but that I put my money in the letter—I should say a sovereign." This was enough for me, because I knew I should be losing a good deal more than the money, it was probable also'd write to the gentleman to whom it was sent to acknowledge the receipt. So I said "Thanken' to the postman, and I kept on the watch. In the afternoon I saw the postman coming down the street and lowed her. She went into a stationer's shop, and purchased a penny card, and then went to the post-office. She wrote something upon it, and then dropped it into the box. I waited a few minutes, and then went in, and asked to see the Master. When he came out, I told him, that I had lost a letter, and that I thought that there's a letter with a kiss been posted here just now, but as I was not sure, I thought it right I have to ask of you in, that you will let me look at the letters that are lying in the box." "Certainly," said he, "you're welcome to look at the letters that are lying in the box." "Certainly," said he, "you're welcome to look at the letters that are lying in the box." "Certainly," said he, "you're welcome to